

turned pale; but Wilhelm advanced towards her, and gliding his arm round her waist, took her hand in his, and gazed into the eyes that she raised unflinchingly, almost fearfully to his. "Gertrude!" he said. "Gertrude!" She answered not; but in that old hall, and in that solitary hour, fair Gertrude Muller was wooed and won.

"There were tears in your eyes before I came, dear girl," he said, as he led her back down the hill, his promised bride. "Why had my Gertrude been weeping?"

"Because I thought," she replied, "that if it were so difficult for a man to find truth, as your song said, a woman could never hope to meet with it at all."

"And does my Gertrude then trust me?" demanded Wilhelm.

"It is our nature to trust," replied Gertrude, "and I think you would not deceive me."

"Not for an empire," answered the youth, and lifting his eyes toward the sky, his lips moved, as if registering the promise on high.

And it was Gertrude Muller's bridal day, and the sun had shone upon the bride and bridegroom as they went to, and came from the little village church. The blessing had been spoken; the festivities had begun; and modesty and love were a sweeter garland round the temples of that fair bride, than the richest orange flower that ever decorated the favorite of courts. Wilhelm trod proudly, and as he looked up to the lofty towers of the castle, rising laughingly above his Gertrude's home, his glance seemed to say, I envy not the lord of those high halls! My heart has found a happier resting place.

When they had entered the cottage, however, and he was taking his seat by her side, one of the stout soldiers from the castle came down, and said that the old seneschal had just received letters from his lord at Vienna, and that Master Wilhelm Franz must even leave his fair bride for half an hour, and come up to speak about the cutting of the wood.

"I will come by and by," said Wilhelm, smiling good humoredly.

The man hesitated, but Gertrude whispered, "Better go at once, Wilhelm, if you must go!" and he went; but at the end of half an hour, he returned not, and the bride party went out upon the green, beneath the apple trees to wait for his coming, ere they began the dance. Scarcely were they there, and Gertrude's heart was beating uneasily when there came bursts of laughter through the trees, and the sound of cantering horses, and up rode a gay party of armed cavaliers, headed by him who had somewhat persecuted the sweet girl already.

"Are we in time for the wedding, boys?" he cried, laughing loud, "are we in time for the wedding?"

"Too late!" replied old Kari Muller, surlily.

"Too late!" answered Kari, his eldest son, with his eyes flashing fire.

"Nay, then I must kiss the bride and depart!" said the cavalier, springing to the ground and advancing with haughty boldness, but not without grace, he approached Gertrude, who blushed and trembled. "Wishing you all happiness, fair bride," he said, as he bent apparently to kiss her cheek. But, as he stooped, he threw his right arm round her waist, set his foot into the stirrup and sprang into the saddle, and, with the ease of one performing some long practiced feat of the manege, he placed her on the horse before him, and struck his spurs into the charger's sides. The old man and his sons darted forward, and one got hold for a moment of the bride's rein; but a horseman who followed the other brought the youth to the ground with the blow of a mace, and the whole party rode off at full speed, roaring with laughter at the curves and shouts of the villagers. One long loud shriek was all that the lips of Gertrude uttered; her heart refused to beat, her brain grew giddy, and she fainted as she lay, held on the horse by the firm grasp of the cavalier's arm. After a time consciousness came back, and she opened her eyes, but she saw the brown woods, and the large branches of the trees, and the young green leaves hurrying rapidly before her sight: recollection was too terrible to bear, and she once more fainted. When next she recovered, she was in a large hall, splendidly decorated according to the fashion of that day; and two old women were bending over her, throwing water in her face; but, when she raised her eyes, the dejected form of him who bro't her thither met her sight, and she closed them again with a cold shudder. The women persuaded him to go away, but when he was gone, the words of praise that they bestowed upon him, and the language that they held to persuade the unhappy girl to his purposes, made her weep bitterly. They assured her that he would have gone to seek her a week before, and would have prevented her marriage altogether, had he not been held a prisoner by the Palatine, from whose hands he had only escaped two days.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, "wretch!" But, as she spoke, he again entered the room, and waved the women away. He sat down beside her, he grasped her hand in his; he used the language of flattery and of corruption to the pure ears of Gertrude Muller. We will not dwell on what he said; we will not stain this pure page with the words he uttered, and the persuasions he proffered; but if he thought to light up one unholy feeling in her heart, oh! how far was he mistaken. She thought of him she loved, and of the full but modest joy with which she had but that day bestowed her hand upon him. She thought of those dear hopes, now likely to be blasted forever, for she felt that she was utterly in the power of a libertine and ruthless man; and as she did thus think the words he uttered scarcely found meaning in her ear, and her eye wandered round the room and to the high arched window seeking means of escape. It found none, however; no object showed itself through the open lattice, but the mountains that hem in the Neckar, and the green waters of that beautiful stream flowing on between its mighty rocks; and the high castle of the Dilsberg crowning the opposite hill. There was no escape, she saw; but a fearful resolution presented itself to her mind. It was evident, from all she beheld, that the hall in which she sat, was high up in some tower, built upon the edge of the precipice, and she thought that at least she could die rather than, even by force, wrong the faith she had pledged to him she loved. As she thus thought, and her eye wandered wildly to the casement, she felt the villainous arm seeking to glide round her small waist. With a sudden scream she darted from her seat, spring through the casement, and gained the parapet that ran round the tower. Had that parapet not been there, the sudden impulse of fear and desperation might

have carried her resolution into effect at once. But there it stood, a barrier, easily overstepped, indeed, but still a barrier between her and that terrible act which she meditated. She paused to gaze; and found that she stood on the extreme verge of a tower, in one of three castles, that, stretching along the rocky bank of the Neckar, overhung the waters at a dizzy height of many hundred feet. She gazed down below! It was a sight to make the brain turn round; the blue thin air beneath, the broken rocks, jagged and sharp, the diminished birds skimming like specks over the surface of the stream. Can we blame her if she paused with a wildly beating heart, if she hesitated till a strong hand grasped her arm, and her power over her own destiny was gone? "Oh God, deliver me," she cried; but the stranger answered with a laugh.

"Come, come, fair maiden!" he said; "God never delivers from the Landschaden; but I thank you for bringing me here. That idiot warden has left the gates open, and there is no one to the court. I will nail his ears to the door. What if the troops of Palatine knew of such careless guard?"

As he spoke, there came the sound of a trumpet from the woods above, and it was echoed from the forest path below. A stronger passion now was raised in the breast of Gertrude's persecutor; and, for the moment, forgetting her existence, he darted away, and his steps changed heavily through the hall. "Oh God deliver me!" cried Gertrude again; but she now cried so with bitter hope, and, for a single instant, she strained her eyes upon the part of the wood where the sound of the trumpet had seemed to come. She caught the sight of arms gleaming through the trees, and she heard from the court below, the shouts of many voices giving loud commands for manning the walls and defending the castle. She could not catch the words but she guessed their import, and the next moment a loud explosion from the battlements beneath her feet, followed by another and another, told her that the Landschaden had anticipated attack by firing upon the approaching parties. The tower on which she stood seemed to rock with the concussion of the artillery, and, in a moment after, an answering flash blazed through the opposite wood, and, with a rushing sound, a cannon ball rushed through the air, tipping an angle of the tower as it rushed by, and scattering the masonry far and near. Running round the tower, she thought only of escape, and gazing into every window which opened on the platform, she at length perceived one that led to a flight of stairs. It opened readily to her hand, and she passed through; and then, running down with a quick step, she only paused when her head became giddy with the incessant turning of the narrow staircase and the deafening roar of the artillery. Once, as she descended, a bright flash burst from one of the narrow loopholes, and she saw the forms and fierce faces of armed men hurrying about upon one of the battlements hard by. She feared almost to move lest they should see her; but as the roar of the guns was again heard, she hurried on with a beating heart, till the staircase terminated with a door on either hand. On the one side she heard a multitude of voices as if in eager debate, and through the key-hole of the other, was pouring a stream of golden sunshine.

She tried it and found it locked, but the heavy key was in, and turning it cautiously round, she drew the door back and took a step out into the open air. She found herself in a long paved way, leading from the castle to which she had been carried, to another which stood beyond, perched half way up a tremendous rock, like the nest of a swallow, from which it derives its name with the peasantry to this day. The way was raised upon a high causeway, partly artificial, partly natural, and battlements and embrasures on each side, showed it well calculated for defence. But, though the cannon were still there, the soldiers, all drawn to the side on which the attack began, had left it vacant, and Gertrude hurried on seeking for some way to escape. She could find none; the walls were too high for her to attempt to drop from them, though the low sinking sun showed her that but little time remained for her to secure her flight, she hurried herself forth where she turned. She hurried on, however, towards the other castle, gazing up to see if there too were any she had to fear, but it seemed, for the time, utterly deserted. No soldiers appeared gazing from the battlements at the distant fight; no head protruded from the window, announced that any human being was within. Heeding, listening, trembling, Gertrude entered the open door, and found the hall vacant, though the remains of a half finished meal showed that it had not long been so. She then, with better courage, searched round the walls for some means of egress, but every gate was closed with heavy locks, and all the keys were gone. In disappointment, almost to despair, she paused and looked towards the other castle. The battlements were crowded, the roar of war was going on; but suddenly came louder shouts, and she saw some groups upon the very path she had just followed. Where could she fly for concealment? There was a flight of steps led down from one of the remote halls, apparently cut through the rock on which the castle stood, and, without a hope that it might conduct her to some safely port, Gertrude took her way down, lighted by an occasional loop hole, though the sun sinking fast behind the mountains, gave but scanty beams. It led but to a vault from which there was a door indeed, and Gertrude sat herself down and swung her hands in the bitterness of despair. There was a window, but it was too small for human being to pass, and was grated besides with iron bars; and all that it enabled the unhappy girl to do was to gaze out upon the growing twilight, and watch the groups hurrying to and fro upon the walls of the other castle. Soon that twilight faded away, and all that she could see was the forms of the tall towers, bursting forth every now and then as the eager flash of the artillery ran along the battlements; but after a while, the windows seemed to shine forth with an unusual brightness, a glare was seen through the loop-holes, a rolling pile of yellow smoke rose above the white clouds that the artillery had caused below, and on it played a flickering light which was not like the flashing of the cannonade. Then came loud cries and shouts and execrations, borne upon the wind, and the tramp of hurrying crowds, and the sound of the trumpet. Nearer, more near, came the mingled roar along the causeway; and then she heard it in the halls above. All seemed confusion and dismay, till suddenly the roar of cannon was again heard, and she found that the artillery on the walls above were now pointed along the causeway to drive back a pursuing enemy. Trembling, almost fainting, she lay in one corner of the vault, when suddenly steps were heard descending towards her, and in a moment after,

the voice of her persecutor struck upon her ear. "Didst thou think thou hadst escaped me? No, no, fair maiden! you shall live or die with Landschaden. Throw open the door, Heinrich!" and catching her up in his arms, he was bearing her forward through the door, which one of them had unlocked, to a rocky path leading down to the river. The horror of his touch, however, drew a sudden scream from the lips of Gertrude, and, setting her down he cried with a blasphemous expression, "He will draw them hither with her cries! By Heaven, I will drive my dagger into her!—Stay," he continued, "let me look out!" and he took two or three steps forth down the hill—"Fire and blood!" he cried after a moment's pause, "here is Count Erlich's banner!"

Inspired with instant hope of making herself heard, Gertrude uttered a scream on a scream; but the fierce Landschaden bounded back towards her with his dagger in his hand, exclaiming "Slay her, slay her! we must fight to the last or die; but she shall not escape!"

A step more would have brought him to the vault; but, at that moment, there was a loud explosion above. The voices of the cannon were unheard in the rear—the Landschaden looked up towards the blazing walls; an immense mass of stone work descended through the air, and, striking on his brow and chest, rolled, with his dead body, slowly down the rock. Gertrude darted forward towards the party of men advancing, quickly up the steep. There was a knight leading them on, sword in hand, with the banner of her father's lord waving above his head. "Save me! save me!" she cried, and as she reached his knees, and clasped them with her extended arms, sense and thought, terror, and joy, and hope, all passed away at once, and she fell prostrate before Count Erlich's feet.

With the terrible sensation of one waking from a long swoon, Gertrude unclosed her eyes, and gazed around her as some clock was striking eleven. There was the light of many tapers in the room, and rich tapestry waved on every side, while hangings of white, and crimson, and gold, surrounded the splendid bed on which she lay. The arms of the Counts of Erlich, emblazoned with rich coloring, ornamented the ceilings, and the furniture, and all around her, was a dream of magnificence, such as she had never seen before her. Round a table, in the middle of the room, stood three persons, while several girls, in the garb of waiting-women, appeared at the other side of the room. The first of the nearer three was an old man in the garb of a physician, pouring some fluid from a phial into a Venice-glass, and his face was turned directly towards Gertrude. On one side of the table, stood an old man, of powerful frame, clad partly in armor; and Gertrude knew her father. These two were bareheaded; but on the side nearest to her, with his back towards her, stood one, who wore his crimson bonnet and high plume, beside him lay a pile of armor, cast hastily down, and from his shoulders fell an easy cloak lined with rich fur, and tied with tassels of gold.

"This, my Lord Count, will bring her to herself, I will assure," said the leech, as he poured out the medicine; "she does but faint, though the fit is long and terrible!"

"Where can Wilhelm be?" thought Gertrude; but she hastened to relieve her father's fears, exclaiming, in a voice still faint, "My father!"

All started, and turned towards her, at the sound; but it was not old Kari Muller reached her first. That gay and glittering cavalier dropped at once the glass he was taking from the physician, darted forward, caught her in his arms, and pressed her again and again into his heart. Trembling, fearful, uncertain; yet hoping, thrilling with fancy it seemed madness to believe, she pushed him gently back, and gazed upon his face. "It is I!" she cried, casting her arms round his neck. "Wilhelm! dear Wilhelm!" Then, sinking back again, she pointed to the glittering coat of arms that hung above that bridal bed.

"True!" he said, "dear Gertrude, it is all quite true."

"Then I know you, Wilhelm," she said, almost mournfully; "but who am I?"

"Gertrude, Gräfin of Erlich, my own dear wife!" replied the Count; "noble both by your father's and your mother's side, and with a dowry of beauty and of goodness worth a prince's hand;—you are mine, Gertrude, mine for ever! To-morrow I will tell you more. Now rest, sweet girl—rest, and recover from all you have suffered. Your lover, your husband will watch by your side; and, safe in his castle, and guarded by his care, no more such sad scenes shall happen, as those which have cheered Gertrude's bridal day."

Adventures of a hundred dollar bill. Yesterday, at the Court of Sessions, a man named McDowal, was convicted of having stolen a hundred dollar bill of the Union Bank, under rather peculiar circumstances. It appeared that in April last, the prisoner was a boarder in the house of Mr. Law, at the corner of Fifteenth street. A short time previous, another boarder named James Kelley, deposited some money with Mrs. Law for safe keeping. On the 21st inst. wishing to withdraw his money, it was brought down stairs by Mrs. Law, wrapped in a piece of paper. The \$100 bill was among other bills of less value. By some accident, the paper fell upon the floor. A little black dog that was in the room, immediately snatched it up and ran out of the house. The animal was chased into another house, and all the money recovered but the said bill. After a fruitless search, only a small portion of it was found, and it was concluded that the dog had swallowed the remainder. Whether the animal was an anti-bank dog, or anti-rogue, and swallowed the bill from principle, or whether he took it as an emetic, could not be ascertained; but all agreed that it had passed down his throat, and that it would never be turned into specie. Meantime the dog wagged his tail and said nothing. Some time afterward, Kelley took the fragment of the bill to the Union Bank, when to his surprise, the cashier showed him the remaining part. Being then convinced that the dog had not swallowed it, and being rather suspicious of foul play, he sued Mr. Law for the amount, and obtained judgment. The prisoner, McDowal, being taken with remorse, then confessed that he had taken the bill from the dog, and given it to another person to get charged. The accused was defended by two eminent counsels, and the trial furnished considerable amusement. One contended that the dog should have been brought into court, and indicted as a party to the theft, but as the animal on being cross-questioned, would undoubtedly have shown his grinders at the least in-

sultation, and, moreover, the dog-days not having expired, the suggestion was not adopted. Had the prisoner not confessed the crime, it is said that he might have been cleared, by contending that the dog gave him the money, which being a new point of law, his honor would have been under the necessity of ruling "that in future it shall not be lawful to receive money from any dog or dogs." But as it was, he was convicted.—N. Y. Times.

The Prospect before us. There seems to be a general opinion that Congress, when it shall meet in September, will immediately do something to relieve the present commercial embarrassment of the country. We have no doubt that a majority of that body will feel a disposition to provide the means of relief—taking it for granted that a majority of the members are satisfied that embarrassments exist which call for the interference of the government—but whether various opinions, prejudices, and conflicting interests can be concentrated on any one measure, to such a degree as to ensure success, we think it somewhat doubtful. Probably, however, a majority of the political doctors will unite in the opinion that there is a disease which calls for a remedy. Several remedies will doubtless be proposed. The danger is, that each will have too many advocates, too tenacious in regard to their own nostrums, to admit of a majority in favor of any reasonable project for the relief of the patient.

A writer in the New York American puts forth the opinion—

That our National Legislature in assembling at Washington in September, will find itself under the necessity of making choice between adopting very efficient and steady remedies for the commercial difficulties of the country, or incurring a national debt of at least thirty or forty millions of dollars, and perhaps even a much larger sum!

The writer offers the following reasons in detail as the basis of his opinion:—

The expenses of the government, from the present time up to the 1st of January, 1839, on the scale of appropriations for 1836 and 1837, cannot fall far short of \$45,000,000; and nearly, and not improbably, all of that vast sum will have to be raised by loans, unless such measures are at once adopted as to restore the commerce of the country to its accustomed prosperity. That the receipts of the National Treasury are to be almost wholly intercepted, by a continuance of the present policy of the administration, has already become apparent. No revenue of any consideration can, under any circumstances, be derived from imports for six to eight months to come; nor through any period hereafter, until the causes of the present embarrassment are removed. The total annihilation of credit, both here and abroad, and the probability of losses on goods, from the low prices here, and the high rates of exchange, render it certain that importations must be reduced to so low a point as to be of little significance to the Treasury. The estimate of an excess during the next eighteen months of \$4,000,000 on imports, over the amount of drawback that is likely to arise from the exports of goods abroad, is probably sufficiently liberal; and an income of \$1,000,000 more from the public lands over the deficiency that will probably exist in the Post Office Department, is all that can be looked for from that quarter. Between this and the close of 1838, then, not far from \$40,000,000 will be to be provided for by the use of public credit, and the creation accordingly, to that extent, of a National Debt!

This estimate may be deemed extravagant, but it is, in my judgment, quite likely to prove too small, as too large; as I have left out of it all consideration of the interest which will be to be added to the amount of expenditures, as well as the far more formidable amount of discount to which the Treasury will probably be subjected, in the negotiation of its notes or stock, items which I may hereafter take occasion to show, will not improbably swell to at least one-fourth of the sum required to be raised; so that if the appropriations amount to \$32,000,000, they will cost the Government \$40,000,000; and that if \$40,000,000 are to be expended, they will carry the debt to \$50,000,000.

So much for the prospects of 1837 and 1838! But what is the probability, in respect to the next and succeeding years? I answer—a proportional annual accumulation of debt, even under the most favorable circumstances that can be anticipated; possibly, its far more rapid augmentation. If the present policy of the Administration is continued, the evil consequences, in place of being mitigated, will increase. Foreign commerce will be kept at a very low ebb; and the currency continue so devalued, as equally to depress agriculture and manufactures; and, what is of scarcely less moment in this estimate, the credit of the Government will continue still more rapidly to sink, and the cost to it of negotiating, to increase. Such must be the course of events, should peace continue; but in case of war, the condition of the Treasury would be immeasurably worse. Into what an abyss of debt would a single year's quarrel with even an inferior European power, sink the country, after struggling to exhaustion with its present domestic difficulties! Let the present policy prevail, and the year 1839 be one of foreign war, and I venture to predict, that the dawn of 1840 will find the nation engulfed in a public debt of not less than \$150,000,000.

A pleasant prospect, truly! Yet we are by no means certain that the creation of a public debt to a reasonable amount, would not be the best stone to lay for the foundation of a more permanent and prosperous government, since there is no hope that the government will expend its treasure in internal improvements—the only legitimate and really useful disposition that should ever be made of a surplus revenue.—Boston Courier.

John Quincy Adams' Fourth of July Oration at Newburyport, is causing some little flutter among the knowing birds. The principal subject on which he decanted was the abolition of slavery, and he is said to have out Herodotus Garrison himself. Mr. A. took the ground that the discussion of the slavery question, so far from being dangerous to the Union, was the only thing that could preserve it; and he endeavored to prove it by a course of argument drawn partly from the Bible, and partly from the well known and acknowledged principles of human liberty. The Oration is to be published.—B.

Benefits of Republican Texas? Perhaps no people who are so much inclined to fight for liberty, as the Americans, are so much so. What most could require to be expected from a set of men, one half of whom are legislators from justice, and the other half broken down adventurers—men who have nothing to lose, and will grasp at any chance or any means of gain.

The Republic (N. Y.) Spirit of the Times contains a letter from Mr. Follett, formerly of that place, but now a citizen of Texas. It is the testimony of one who is on the spot, and is no doubt a correct representation of the moral condition of a land which has been represented as flowing with milk and honey, and as rich in moral and intellectual light. Mr. Follett says: "The moral condition of this country is wretched beyond comparison. No more lifts its head to heaven, rejoicing that here the living God is worshipped; no altar, round which the 'poor in spirit,' may assemble, and offer up prayer to Him 'who rideth upon the whirlwind and direct the storm.' Perhaps there never was a country in which profanity and irreligion so universal prevailed as in this. It is none of your moderate northern profanity, but the irreverent and twisted, scornful and knotted southern articles, which is entirely different from any thing I ever saw or heard. They decimate the name of their Maker, with as much freedom as a northern man pursues his ordinary extensions of life. No matter whether it is in the company of ladies or gentlemen, it is all the same. Those at the north are particularly odious for the conversion of the heathen, and to send out missionaries for that purpose, they do well to direct their attention to this delightful but certainly benighted land."

After correcting some mistakes that have gone abroad relative to the salubrity of the climate the same writer leaves us upon the slavery card and gives the following account of the treatment of prisoners of war.—THEY ARE PAID OUT TO THOSE WHO WILL FIGHT AND CLOTHE THEM, AND MADE TO PERFORM THE DUTY OF SLAVES—AND ARE TREATED AS SUCH.

We doubt whether the people of any country claiming to be civilized, would not cover their heads in very shame at such an abominable violation of all the rules of humane warfare. And yet this is the same people who claim sympathy, our protection, and to be admitted as an integral part of our Republic! And what is perhaps still more strange, and more insulting to our national honor, there are among us, who would gladly unite our destiny with that of Texas, and bring upon our beloved country the certain doom that awaits outraged and violated humanity.—Boston Times.

Canadian affairs. The Canadians are growing more and more desperate. One would think from the tone of the Montreal and Quebec Press, that another gun-powder plot was upon the very eve of explosion. The Montreal Herald and Morning Courier, are absolutely rabid, and by the following article from the Herald, it would seem that there was some reason for this fit of insanity:—

"The proscription has begun! Let it proceed. The government has deserted the loyal subjects of the King, and is leaving them to their fate. Shall it be said, that in this colony, houses are shot into in the dead of night, by bands of murderous assassins, women seized by a gang of brutal wretches, and exposed to the most degrading insults, because they are loyalists? If we are under a government that has even the spirit of a stricken deer, let us know it. If we are under no government let us know it; we can look to ourselves.—The scenes at St. Eustache are too truly depicted. A gentleman from that quarter called at this office yesterday, and confirmed the statement of 'One of the Sufferers' to the letter. We could wish there had been exaggeration, that there had been even falsehood. But the whole truth has not been told."

In addition to what we published yesterday, we are now informed that Mr. McKay, Notary Public at St. Scholastique, has had his dog killed, his horse mutilated and himself threatened. A loyal French Canadian there obtained a warrant against a villain who threatened to burn down his house, he put it into the hands of a constable of the name of St. George, who told him that he dared not execute it. A farmer of the name of Walker, and his wife, were obliged to fly from their home, at Cote St. Joseph, because they were British!

My Lord Gosford, you have published a proclamation; the honor of a peer, the Majesty of a king commanded you to follow up its intentions without flinching and without mercy. There are names of places, my Lord; there are names of persons. We wish not to think that you are indifferent to their sufferings, because you yourself are safe in the castle at Quebec. We demand then, exertion, in the name of our insulted countrymen, we demand revenge—such revenge as the laws will give them. Now is the time for vigorous measures men expect them; every old countryman will support you, and thousands of loyal but deceived French Canadians will support you in them. But these things must be stopped. They must be put down, or—the responsibility rests with the Earl of Gosford.

Boston, July 13. From France. The packet ship Albany arrived in New York, brings from France and papers to June 7, and London to June 2. Although the dates which have been received from this country were by the packet of May 30, up to the time of the failure of the Dry Dock bank, yet the nature of the general suspension that followed appear to have been upon a change; probably induced by American correspondence. The consequences may be readily imagined. Not only the failure of the three houses of Wiggins, Wilson, and Wildes, confirmed, but four other American houses are reported to have shut up. The other failures in London amounted to one hundred and forty in three days!

The sales of Cotton at Havre were large.

The following is from the London Morning Chronicle.

A very long list of failures was handed about during Sunday on "Change, but the suspensions of payment of money has been irregularly announced. The quantity which is felt by all classes cannot be described. No less a number of mercantile houses between 130 and 140 had bills upon the American firms which have stopped, returned upon them; and this was not by any means a severe day in that respect, the heaviest amount becoming due about the 25th of this month.

It will be remembered that one half of the bills, if not more, received by the three American packets, which arrived within a few days of each other in April, was paid for on acceptance; consequently, whatever inconvenience attaches to this part has been contained with, and has not been so much felt already. The remaining portion of the bills, therefore, except a million sterling, a large part of which we may fairly suppose is in the hands of the houses which have succumbed, or may be found encumbered in the coffers of the Bank of England, playing the part of collateral securities; but the remainder in such times as these is sufficient to cause much embarrassment, if not prepared beforehand.

Fort Towson. The Advocate and Journal of last week has a letter from a respectable physician, an acquaintance of the editor, dated at Fort Towson, who says that a temperance society on the total principle has been formed in the army at this post, and that every officer, nearly every sergeant, and two-thirds of the soldiers have pledged themselves.

"With nectar from the spring.
That hence, like Reclus's ancient lore,
Though prophets urge, we drink no more."

He adds—"As many are joining at every meeting, I doubt not in a month or two King Alcohol will be left without a soldier here. Nothing that can intoxicate is permitted, by regulation, to be sold here." The writer states further that five of his officers, five of the six married lieutenants, one lieutenant, and eleven soldiers have recently made a public profession of religion.

Fort Towson is situated on the Upper Red River, 220 miles south-west of Little Rock, Arkansas, in the midst of the Choctaw nation of Indians.